

# THE WHITE GYPSY.

A Tale of Mines and Miners,

BY J. MONK FOSTER.

Author of "A Pit Bow Lassie," "Slaves of Fate," "A Miner's Million," "Queen of the Factory," "A Crimson Fortune," "Passion's Aftermath," &c.

[Copyright 1893 by the Author.]  
CHAPTER XIV.  
THE JEWELLED BROOCH.

It was the week preceding Christmas, and the White Gypsy was residing with the Rev. Matthew Mallison and his sister at the Vicarage. Paul Meredith had gone away over a week ago. Sir Sydney and Lady Carsland had urged him to stay at the Hall until the Christmas and New Year's festivities were over, but the young man had insisted upon leaving at the time indicated, saying, in excuse of his departure, that his friends would be put to great inconvenience if he were not to join them as he had promised.

So the lovers said good-bye to each with dim eyes, trembling hands, and fast throbbing hearts; and he turned his back upon Therrill Moor, while Salome resolutely set her mind upon the work before her.

The girl's new home and surroundings were all that she could desire. She was well housed and sumptuously fed, had as great a command of fine garments as if she had been born in the purple instead of having had to work so lately on the pit-top for her bread; and there was no reasonable craving Salome could not have gratified, for before going away Paul had placed in the Vicar's hands a large sum of money for his sweetheart's sole and absolute use.

Mr. Mallison's spinster-sister was a tall, angular, sweet-faced and kindly-souled woman of thirty-five, who took a great fancy to Salome from the moment they first met; and Margaret Mallison's kiss and warm words of welcome put the girl at her ease the moment she entered her new home.

Miss Mallison was in every way qualified for the task of improving Salome's education. She was a lady of sound learning and varied accomplishments; and being patient and kindly-natured was just the sort of teacher the young girl required.

Salome was very eager to begin the work of self improvement, but Miss Mallison insisted that no work should be undertaken until they had passed a week together under the same roof. Her brother had supported her in that resolution, and so Salome settled down in her new quarters feeling that fate had been very kind indeed to her in placing her among such friends.

That first week at the vicarage was a really happy one for the White Gypsy. Day after day she and Miss Mallison made visits to Earlsford for the purpose of purchasing the thousand and one things Salome was supposed to need in her altered state of life. She smilingly protested that she did not require heaps of costly garments and articles of personal adornment which her companion ordered so lavishly and regardless of expense, but Miss Mallison answered that it was Paul Meredith's desire, and so Salome resigned herself to the inevitable out-pouring of good things.

Ere her lover had been absent a fortnight, Salome had accustomed herself to her new surroundings, and was sedulously devoting a portion of each day to the lessons and studies Miss Mallison set before her. She was the most eager of pupils, and her quick intelligence enabled her to grasp readily and with ease the various tasks she was called upon to master. So rapidly indeed did she assimilate knowledge of all kinds, that her informal governess predicted that in a year or so, if she pursued her studies with a like avidity she would become a highly accomplished—even a brilliant woman.

So things stood when one morning shortly before Christmas, Salome received a surprise in the shape of a small parcel. The girl was hard at work in a small, pretty furnished and bright looking room set apart for her and her tutor, and was struggling with the intricacies of somebody's grammar when the servant tapped at the door and entered the moment afterwards bearing in her hands the small parcel already mentioned.

"It is for Miss Barringham," said the maid, as she placed the square parcel upon the table, and went away.

"A present, I suppose, Salome," Miss Mallison remarked. "Well, while you are opening it I will just run away, as I want to speak to my brother."

With that she glided away, and Salome turned to the parcel. She lifted it first of all, and thought that it was rather heavy. What did it contain? Some fresh evidence, she felt sure, of Paul's strong affection. Then she glanced at the address, and saw her own name written in a thick, large, sprawling hand, totally unlike the neat writing of her lover. She next glanced at the postmark, and saw that it was Southampton, the port from which her sweetheart and his comrades were to set out on their voyage of adventure.

With Paul's name on her lips she cut the parcel open, and after removing the outer covering—a box of strong cardboard—she came upon a pretty casket of rosewood with brass mountings. The casket was locked, but the key was attached thereto by means of a cork, and, cutting the string, she fitted the key, turned the lock, and lifted the lid.

A sheet of paper first met her eager gaze, and on lifting it a cry of astonishment left her lips. There before her lay a glittering heap of jewelry—rings, bracelets, brooches, and necklaces of rare stones set in solid gold, and worthy, the amazed lass thought, of decking the person of an empress.

She lifted the sparkling gems with one hand, while she grasped the sheet of note-paper with the other, and her heart went out to the lover who had left her to cross the sea. For a moment or two she forgot the note in her hand in the contemplation of her precious gifts, but suddenly remembering it she spread out the sheet and mastered its contents. This is what she read:

"DEAR SALOME.—When you read this I shall be crossing the sea. I send you these jewels as a slight token of the love I have for you. When you wear them you will sometimes think of me for your sake. Do not, I implore you, say who gave them to you. Good bye, dear Salome, for ever.

"Yours faithfully,  
"HUGH EASTWOOD."

She gave a little gasp, and the note fluttered from her fingers. All along she had felt absolutely certain that the present was a gift from her absent lover, and now it turned out that the donor was in reality none other than the man whose overtures of affection she had refused to accept.

"Poor Hugh!" she murmured sympathetically, and her eyes wandered from the flashing stones to the gemmed ring the young pitman had placed upon her finger on the occasion of their last meeting opposite the White Crow.

How had Hugh come in possession of such expensive articles of jewelry she asked herself. Surely he could not have purchased them. She glanced afresh at the jeweled trinkets and then examined them again one after another.

They were not new, although in no sense the worse for wear, she could see. Then, in a sudden flash of recollection, she recalled to mind what Eastwood had said about some relatives having bequeathed to him a fortune; and no inconsiderable portion of the bequest was undoubtedly the jewels in the casket before her.

Not a trifle disturbed by the reflection that Hugh had impoverished himself in order to confer a grand gift upon her, she selected a massive diamond and ruby brooch from her collection, and pinned it in her dress at her throat.

Then she carried the remainder to her own private room, and placing the casket in the drawer of her dressing-table, looked it carefully. When she returned to the study she found Miss Mallison awaiting her.

"Well, dear, what was it?" Miss Mallison asked with all a woman's eagerness and curiosity, and her gaze wandering from the empty box to Salome's face.

"A few small things an old and very dear friend sent me, Miss Mallison," Salome answered quietly. "This," touching the jewel at her throat, "was among them."

"How pretty! May I see it, Salome?" "Certainly; here it is."

Miss Mallison took the jeweled article in her white tapering fingers and scanned it closely, now examining the richly chased, massy gold setting with a critical and appreciative eye, and then scanning the diamonds and rubies with the manner of a connoisseur.

"It is a very fine brooch, indeed, dear," she said presently, "and must have cost your friend a lot of money—some hundreds of pounds, I should think."

"Not so much surely, Miss Mallison," the girl said with bated breath. The value of the trinket only served to make the gift all the more remarkable.

"It must have—but there, dear, let me fasten it for you." She refastened the ornament at the blushing girl's throat, and added, "you ought to be thankful to the Almighty, Salome, that your beauty and your goodness have won for you such gifts."

The White Gypsy thanked her companion with a grateful look, but vouchsafed no reply. Miss Mallison was satisfied that the giver of the rare gift was her pupil's affianced husband, and Salome's silence respecting the donor only tended to confirm that belief.

A few more days passed uneventfully. And on the day before Christmas Lady Carsland and her daughter called at the Vicarage. Her ladyship was shortly about to give a party at the Hall, and she explained to Miss Mallison that she had dropped in as she was passing in order to ask the Vicar, his sister, and Miss Barringham to honor the gathering with their presence.

Of course Miss Mallison accepted the invitation readily, and Salome, quite won over by Lady Carsland's gracious words and manner, in which there was now not a trace of the condescension the girl had been quick to note and object to when they met at the concert, accepted only a trifle less heartily. Had Salome been in every respect the equal of Lady Carsland, her ladyship could not have been more amiable, and even her stately daughter was less cold and haughty than she formerly had been.

Salome had often wished lately to meet the ladies from Carsland Hall, and had expected when they did meet that she would be severely snubbed by both mother and daughter. She had, therefore, prepared herself for the ordeal when Lady Carsland and Cordelia were announced by the maid, and had made up her mind to meet their scornful coldness with weapons of a like kind.

But the unexpected change in their demeanor had thawed her immediately, and before the four ladies parted they were all chatting easily and frankly together, as if they were friends of considerable standing.

Still, all through the half-hour which the Carsland visit lasted, the girl felt that the eyes of both were upon her, and that they were seeking themselves.

"Who and what is this girl that Paul Meredith has selected out of the common herd of work-a-day people to be his wife?"

But she bore herself bravely, and committed herself in no way; and handsome as were both mother and daughter, she felt that her own beauty lost nothing when placed in contrast with their own. She felt also that they had come there thinking to find her a shallow, empty-headed lass, with nothing to commend her to anyone save her comeliness; and to their surprise they found her almost as well-informed as either of them, and certainly as well spoken and fair mannered.

Before going away, Lady Carsland, with a great show of cordiality, asked Salome to run over to the hall any afternoon when she had leisure, and the girl promised to do so, not that she intended either to avail herself of the invitation or desired to do so, but because she was not rude enough to refuse the offer of friendship held out to her.

Some afternoon later, as Salome was about to leave the vicarage for her usual walk, Miss Mallison put a question to her.

"Which way are you thinking of taking, Salome?" she asked, as she fastened the fair girl's sealskin coat at the throat.

"I intended to walk through the wood and come back by way of Carsland Hall," the girl answered.

"Would you mind calling at the hall, dear?"

"Not at all if you wish me to do so. I promised Lady Carsland that I would call, as you know, but have not done so yet."

"Then I shall be glad if you will do so, this afternoon, Salome. Her ladyship promised to send me several novels which she has read lately, but I suppose she must have forgotten all about the matter. And that, dear, will supply you with an excellent excuse for calling."

"Just so," the White Gypsy responded, laughingly. "I am afraid I should not have ventured to call at the hall without an excuse of some kind."

"But you needed no excuse, dear, seeing that Lady Carsland was so pressing in her invitation for you to visit them."

## Cost and Cure.

POTTSTOWN, PA.

I was a sufferer from neuralgia for ten years; tried all kinds of remedies without relief, and had given up all hope. I tried a bottle of

ST. JACOB'S OIL,

and it effected such wonderful relief that I recommend it to all.

CHAS. LAW, JR.

One Bottle.

whenever you cared to avail yourself of her kind offer."

"That is so, but I have sometimes wondered if her invitation was in reality so very kind as it appeared," Salome rejoined, seriously.

"Hold, enough! Be off, and enjoy your walk. I won't argue the point further; but be sure you call for the books."

"I will not forget," was the girl's reply, as she walked away, with the quick, easy step and grace of some untamed animal.

It was a fine afternoon. There was a glimmer of sunshine in the air, although the wind bit keenly at the girl's cheeks, and the landscape was white everywhere with the touch of Jack Frost's fingers.

On gaining the high road, Salome went through the village in the direction of Marsh Green till she came to a stile, and then she struck through the rime covered fields, and was among the black denuded trees. During her walk she met occasionally a begrimed pitman coming from one or other of the Carsland collieries, and as she was known to many of the miners she was greeted by most of those whom she met with a "Good afternoon, lass," voiced roughly, but most respectfully, and the girl was careful to respond as heartily.

It was not without some feelings of uneasiness that Salome went through the great gates and along the avenue towards the mansion. She had often looked upon Carsland Hall at times when she never dreamed that she would ever become either a friend or acquaintance of its inmates, much less the betrothed of Sir Sydney Carsland's ward, and in consequence her face was grave with thought when she ascended the broad steps of the stately house and timidly rang the bell.

Salome told the servant that she wished to see Lady Carsland. She was asked for her name, and after giving it was shown into a waiting room. A few moments later her ladyship came sailing into the apartment, her handsome countenance beaming with smiles, and her whole bearing bespeaking the most frank and generous pleasure.

"What a delightful surprise this is, Miss Barringham!" she cried warmly, as she held out her white hand and clasped Salome's hesitating fingers. "I thought I must have offended you in some way, and that you did not mean to accept my invitation. How are you, and how are your friends the Mallisons. Well, I hope, Miss Barringham?"

"Quite well, thank you, Lady Carsland," Salome answered, keeping her self-possession more easily than she had anticipated. "I was asked by Miss Mallison to call upon you with reference to some books—novels she said, I think—which you were kind enough to promise to let her have."

"Oh, yes, I recollect now. How stupid of me to forget the matter. I am honestly sorry for my negligence, and hope you will convey my regrets to Miss Mallison."

"With pleasure, Lady Carsland. Miss Mallison was sure that it had escaped your memory."

"It had quite. I will send the books on to the vicarage at once with a servant. The least I can do is to repair my oversight immediately." She rose to ring the bell, but her visitor arrested her hand by remarking,

"If you do not mind, Lady Carsland, I will take the books."

"Oh, no, I cannot permit you to fatigue yourself in that way. I will send the footman with them. Do you mind coming to my room for a few moments, Miss Barringham? I am quite alone this afternoon, as Sir Sydney and Cordelia are out driving."

Salome nodded her dark head, and her ladyship led the girl up the broad imposing staircase and along a corridor to a daintily furnished little sitting room. First pulling the silken bell-cord, Lady Carsland motioned her visitor to a low easy chair, richly upholstered in the palest pink satin, and flung her graceful figure lazily into another chair on the other side of the fireplace, wherein a bright fire was burning, filling the room with a comfortable warmth.

"Gather up those volumes, Callan," Lady Carsland said to her maid, indicating as she spoke with a sweep of her hand some volumes scattered on her dressing table, "and tell James to take them immediately to Miss Mallison at the Vicarage."

The maid gathered the volumes together with a whispered "Yes, your ladyship," and when she had gone away Lady Carsland added:

"And now, my dear Miss Barringham, will you permit me to offer you a little refreshment. You must be fatigued with your long walk. Do not refuse, I beg. At least you will join me in taking a drop of wine and a biscuit."

Salome was fain to accede to her hostess's pressing offers of hospitality, and in a short space they were sipping their wine and nibbling their biscuits, and chatting about the small matters in which ladies take an interest.

The White Gypsy had no reason to complain in any way of her reception at Lady Carsland's hands, still, despite her ladyship's great amiability, she would have preferred her visit to be a short one. But in the face of her hostess's manifest desire to keep her there, nothing short of rudeness would have enabled her to escape.

And so Salome and her ladyship sat there, passing from one topic to another with the agility of swift winged birds. Now and again the girl had felt that she was being scanned very closely by her hostess, as if she were endeavoring to read her inmost soul.

Such indeed was the case. Lady Carsland was deeply curious regarding her visitor—was wondering what were her connections and antecedents, and was even then trying to formulate some scheme which would discover to her the girl's whole story.

Salome was seated with her face towards the window, so the full light fell on her comely face, whereas, Lady Carsland's countenance was in the shadow. Suddenly, and just at the moment when the visitor was thinking of rising and taking her leave, her ladyship's attention was riveted on the jeweled ornament at Salome's throat. It was as much as the cold, calculating woman could do to repress the astonishment she felt, but she mastered it in a moment and rising said, coolly:

"What a magnificent brooch you have got, my dear Miss Barringham! And those stones are diamonds and rubies of the first water. I am confident. May I look at it, dear, for a moment?"

"Certainly, with pleasure," was Salome's ready reply, and in a moment she had unfastened the brooch and placed it in the other's hand.

"Thank you—excuse me a moment," and with that excuse her ladyship walked away from the girl and stood beside the window. There she remained for a short time examining the trinket in the most scrutinizing way. That she saw something about the article of an extraordinary kind seemed evident from her drawn lips, ominously flashing eyes, and dilated nostrils.

But all traces of excitement had fled from her face when she walked back to Salome's side, saying—

"It is very beautiful, indeed, and must be very valuable. I daresay it was a gift."

"From Paul Meredith, I daresay?"

"Oh, no; not from Paul, but from an

old and dear friend," was the girl's ready and unsuspecting answer.

"I never saw a design I liked more," Lady Carsland went on, "and I must have one made like it. You will not think me presumptuous, Miss Barringham, if I ask you to permit me to show this brooch to my jeweler, so that he may obtain one exactly similar for myself?"

"I will leave it with pleasure, Lady Carsland."

"Thank you very much. I will let you have it back in a few days. And in the meantime I will lend you one of my own in exchange. Exchange is no robbery you know," and her ladyship's face wreathed itself in smiles as she crossed the room again and took from her jewel case a brooch even of greater value than the one she had in her hands. This she fastened with her own hands at the girl's neck, and shortly afterwards Salome went away.

When the girl departed, Lady Carsland went to the window and watched the White Gypsy's slender figure pass quickly along the avenue. Then she dropped again into her chair with the brooch lying in her open palm and a strange, puzzled look upon her face. She was sitting there still attempting to grapple the problem which confronted her, when her maid re-entered the apartment to say that Sir Sydney and Miss Carsland had returned.

"Will you tell Sir Sydney that I desire to see him at once, Callan?"

"Here, your ladyship!"

"Yes, here!" she rejoined, quickly, her voice sounding harsh and strained now.

The servant disappeared, and presently the baronet entered the room.

"What is it, Adelaide?"

"Come in and shut the door," was her unceremonious command.

He closed the door and went towards her, remarking, in his former insouciant manner:

"Well, now, what is it, my dear?"

"Do not dear me!" she blazed forth, her pent-up excitement and anger finding a sudden vent, as she jumped to a standing position and faced him.

"What's the row now?" he cried, taken quite aback by his irate spouse's manner and words.

"I will tell you. I want you to tell me, Sir Sydney Carsland, what became of the jewels your father promised to give me on the day I married your brother?"

"How should I know?" he asked, with faltering tongue and blanching face.

"How should you know?" she ejaculated in a sneering tone. "Who should know if you should not?"

"I don't understand you, Adelaide."

"You will very soon then. Do you think because I married you and have kept the secret all these years, that I did not know who was the thief who robbed his father's safe and pilfered the jewels that formerly belonged to his mother. You stole them. I know that. What became of them?"

"I do not know."

"Do you recognize this?" and she thrust the diamond and ruby brooch into his trembling hand.

"I do not know it."

"You ought to, then, for it once belonged to your mother, and should have belonged to me."

"Where did it come from?"

"Half-an-hour ago I found the White Gypsy wearing it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury, as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by E. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by E. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.

Three young Wisconsin boys are in jail under the charge of highway robbery. They followed an old man, and, coming up on him in a lonely spot, robbed him of all his valuables.

The Trouble Over.

A prominent man in town exclaimed the other day: "My wife has been weeping out her life from the effects of dyspepsia, liver complaint and indigestion. Her case baffled the skill of our best physicians. After using three packages of Bacon's Celery Cure, she is almost entirely well." Keep your blood in a healthy condition by the use of this great vegetable compound. Call on Logan Drug Co., sole agent, and get a trial package free. Large size 50c.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Cholera in Pennsylvania.

Swickley, Penn.: We had an epidemic of cholera, as our physicians called it, in this place lately, and I made a great hit with Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I sold four dozen bottles of it in one week and have since sold nearly a gross. This remedy did the work and was a big advertisement for me. Several persons who had been troubled with diarrhoea for two or three weeks were cured by a few doses of this medicine.

P. P. KNAPP, Ph. G.

25 and 50-cent bottles for sale by C. R. Goetze, W. W. Irwin, W. S. McCollough, C. Menckemeyer, S. L. Brice, J. Coleman, C. Schnepp, J. C. Armbricht, the Curtis Drug Co., Lincoln & Co., W. E. Williams, John Klari, A. B. Schoole, and W. H. Williams, Wheeling; Bowls & Co., Bridgeport, O., and B. F. Penbody, Denwood, W. Va.

D&W

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

The doom of another educational fad is sealed, writes a Paris correspondent. The French Association of Volapukists has dissolved.

DELICATE WOMEN

Or Debilitated Women, should use

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR.

Every ingredient possesses superb Tonic properties and exerts a wonderful influence in toning up and strengthening her system, by driving through the proper channels all impurities. Health and strength guaranteed to result from its use.

"My wife, who was bedridden for eight months, after using Bradfield's Female Regulator for two months is getting well."

J. M. JOHNSON, Malvern, Ark.

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR, Atlanta, Ga. Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle.

No Money Required of Responsible Parties to Commence Treatment.

DRS. FRANCE & OTTMAN,

Formerly of New York, now of THE FRANCE MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE, Columbus, Ohio, by request of many friends and patients, have decided to visit

BRIDGEPORT, SHERMAN HOUSE, TUESDAY, MARCH 28, BELLAIRE, WINDSOR HOTEL, THURSDAY, MARCH 30.

Consultation and Examination Free and Strictly Confidential from 9 a. m. to 8 p. m., one day only. The doctors describe the different diseases better than the sick can themselves. It is a wonderful gift for anyone to possess. Their diagnostic powers have created wonders throughout the country. The Electrostatic Treatment for all forms of Female Diseases, and the treatment of Sexual Weakness, Loss of Manhood and Errors of Youth, is recognized to be the most successful method ever discovered as used by Drs. France & Ottman.



DR. OTTMAN  
THE CELEBRATED EXAMINING PHYSICIAN OF THE  
FRANCE MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE,  
38 & 40 W. Gay St., one block N. of State House, Columbus, O. Incorporated, 1886. Capital, \$300,000.

DRS. FRANCE AND OTTMAN, of New York, the well known and successful Specialists in Chronic Diseases and Diseases of the Eye and Ear, on account of their large practice in Ohio, have established the FRANCE MEDICAL INSTITUTE, where all forms of Chronic, Nervous and Private Diseases will be successfully treated on the most Scientific principles. They are assisted by a full corps of eminent Physicians and Surgeons, each one being a well known specialist in his profession.

CANCER positively cured without pain or use of the knife, by a new method. IMPORTANT TO LADIES.—DR. FRANCE, after years of experience, has discovered the greatest cure known for all diseases peculiar to the sex. Female diseases positively cured by the new remedy, OLIVE BLOSSOM. The cure is effected by home treatment. Entirely harmless and easily applied. Consultation Free and Strictly Confidential. Correspondence promptly answered.

YOUNG MEN.—Who have become victims of solitary vice, that dreadful and destructive habit, which annually sweeps to an untimely grave thousands of young men of exalted talent and brilliant intellect, may call with confidence.

DRS. FRANCE AND OTTMAN, after years of experience, have discovered the greatest cure known for weakness in the back and limbs, involuntary discharges, impotency, general debility, nervousness, languor, confusion of ideas, palpitation of the heart, timidity, trembling, dimness of sight, or giddiness, diseases of the head, throat, nose, or skin, affections of the liver, lungs, stomach, or bowels—those terrible disorders arising from the solitary vice of youth—and secret practices, blighting their most radiant hopes, or anticipations, rendering marriage impossible. Take one candid thought before it is too late. A week or month may place your case beyond the reach of hope. Our method of treatment will speedily and permanently cure the most obstinate case, and absolutely restore perfect manhood.

TO MIDDLE-AGED MEN.—There are many from the age of 30 to 50 who are troubled with frequent evacuations of the bladder, often accompanied by a slight burning or smarting sensation, weakening the system in a manner the patient cannot account for. On examination of the urinary deposits, aropy sediment will be found, or the color will be a thin or milky hue. There are many men who die of this difficulty ignorant of the cause, which is a second stage of seminal weakness. We will guarantee a perfect cure in all such cases, and a healthy restoration of the genito-urinary organs.

PRIVATE DISEASES.—Blood Poison, Venereal Taint, Gleet, Stricture, Seminal Emissions, Loss of Sexual Power, Weakness of Sexual Organs, Want of Desire in Male or Female, whether from imprudent habits of youth or sexual habits of mature years, or any cause that debilitates the sexual functions, speedily and permanently cured. Consultation free and strictly confidential. Absolute cures guaranteed. Medicines sent free from observation to all parts of the United States.

EPILEPSY, OR FITS.—Positively cured by a new and never-failing method. Testimonials furnished.

FREE EXAMINATION OF THE URINE.—Each person applying for medical treatment should send or bring from 3 to 4 ounces of urine (that passed first in the morning preferred), which will receive a careful chemical and microscopic examination, and if requested a written analysis will be given.

WONDERFUL CURES.—No experiments or failures. Parties treated by mail or express, but where possible, personal consultation is preferred. Curable cases guaranteed. No risks incurred.